

**WE HAVE MOVED** to the Grub Block at 140 North Fulton Street, where we will continue to furnish the grub for all our old customers and hope to see many new ones.

**Gorsuch & Clark**

## JOHNNY'S CHRISTMAS GIFT

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WO bats, six Teddy bears, three balloons, six boxes of lead soldiers, the head nurse counted. "And a football!" "A football?" "Yes, a football!" "No, poor little fellow. Would you give it to him, Miss Gough?" "What would the mother think?" the head nurse asked, and then Nurse Blair ceased all pretense and dabbed her handkerchief against her eyes openly.

"Let's ask Dr. Keith," she answered, and that solved the difficulty for the time being.

Johnny Ward was eight years old and had been in the hospital for nearly five weeks, ever since he was knocked down by the baker's wagon while playing upon the street almost in front of the hospital entrance. He was quite helpless below the waist, and would always be so, said Dr.

"I've Brought Him This—and These."

Keith, after the operation, unless, well, miracles had happened and such cases had got well before. So he said nothing to the pretty young mother who came day after day, wistful and patient and always hopeful. Of late she had begun to suspect that her only boy, per stay that was to be in her later widowhood, would never leave the building save in a wheeled chair. But she kept her fears to herself, and nobody had had the heart to tell her.

And Johnny wanted a football for his Christmas present!

"Well," said Dr. Keith gruffly, "why shouldn't he have one if he wants it? Isn't there enough money to buy a football? Why, I'll buy him one myself. What sort should he have? It's a long time since I was a boy myself," he added, in self-exculpation. "Why, they're made of pigskin, aren't they, doctor?" answered the nurse. "But you don't understand. How can we let him have a football and let his mother see him with it, and him lying there so helpless? It would be inhuman, doctor."

"Hum! I'll take the matter under consideration," the doctor answered. But a few minutes later he was asking the head intern, "Where would you go to buy a football?" He put down the address in his memorandum book, and the intern looked at him in wonder, for football and Dr. Keith seemed somehow unassociated. "Well, here's the football, nurse," he said that evening, coming into the ward. It was Christmas eve. All the children were supposed to be asleep. Here and there an eye drowsily unloosed to see if—Santa Claus had really come, but sleep was stronger than expectation, and Nurse Blair would see to it that no gifts went to the sleepers. Dr. Keith held out the paper-wrapped globe. The clerk had blown it up for him, and, not thinking of having it deflated again, he had carried it thus for half a dozen blocks. "If you think it best for him not to have it, give it to someone else. Give him a Teddy bear," he said.

"Why, a boy that age doesn't want Teddy bears," answered Nurse Blair scornfully. She thought for a long while after the doctor had gone. At last she went softly to Johnny's bed and hung the football from the head. The little boy's eyes were closed and he was sleeping soundly. The little helpless feet made tiny mountains under the bedclothes. Nurse Blair turned away quickly. Morning came; the ward awoke. Shouts and cries of delight were heard. The day nurses went from bed to bed, unwrapping packages. Nurse Blair had gone to her room, but she did not lie down. She came back, tired but resolute, a half hour before visiting time, and went to Johnny's side. He was playing with the ball, bouncing it upon the sheets. It had fallen down six times, and each time the nurse nearest had picked it up again and returned it.

"Johnny," said Nurse Blair, "your mamma will be here in a few minutes now."

"Yes, ma'am," answered Johnny.

"Johnny, what are you going to do with that football?" asked Nurse Blair.

Johnny knew immediately. "I'm going to look at it and look at it and wish hard to be well," he answered.

"Johnny, when your mamma comes she will see it and it will make her cry to think of the time when her little boy was strong and well. You don't want to make her cry, do you, dear?"

"No, ma'am," answered Johnny.

"Then, Johnny," said Nurse Blair.

## A SPLENDID ORGANIZATION—THE IVE'S BROTHERHOOD OF BOYS



The data for the following article was furnished by Mr. C. J. Ives and as Mr. Ives is not in the habit of advertising his own virtues or works the editors desire to state that this splendid work with and for the boys of Wauseon originated with and has been perpetuated by Mr. Ives. In this work Mr. Ives has given to our village a gift that is with us the year round and that is enjoyed not only by the boys who are members of the Brotherhood but as well by mothers and fathers and those men who are not so old that they have forgotten their own boyhood. The benefits of this organization have not only been felt in the past and enjoyed in the present but they will reach far out into the future, for whatever contributions to the healthy and happy and wholesome atmosphere of boyhood, contributes to the sterling character of the men whose boyhood was surrounded by such an atmosphere. The influences that help to form the ideals and shape the character of a life are the influences that come early in the life, during the years of childhood and youth. Mr. Ives has through his work with the boys bestowed a great and permanent gift upon our community and we want him to know that it is appreciated. It was very soon after Mr. Ives entered upon the duties of his office as county auditor that, having recognized the need and the opportunity, he began his work for and with the boys which has continued during the years until it has reached its present magnitude. Before we print the outline history of the organization, which has been furnished us, we wish to state that we believe that Mr. Ives and the boys certainly deserve the hearty co-operation of every right minded and public spirited person in this work, which is after all our own work and there can be no better expression of sincere appreciation than hearty co-operation. We have reason to take pride and be thankful for the boys of our village and especially for the Ives' Brotherhood and its founder.

The Brotherhood was organized May 8th, 1910, with a membership of two boys; the first officers were: President, Carl Geringer; vice president, Carl Miller, now of Kendallville, Ind.; Secretary, Wesley Ackerman; treasurer, Roscoe Marks. The meetings were held in the Methodist church at first but the organization continued to grow until the floor of this building, using the front room, about two years ago the Brotherhood took over the entire upper floor of this building, using the front room for session and reading room and the large hall for gymnasium work. Their hall is excellently equipped for boys work. Their "gym" equipment is the best in our town and is a great feature of the work.

The membership in good standing

at the present time numbers over a hundred, divided into three divisions, Junior, Intermediates and Seniors, each having their own separate officers and conducting business independent of the others, yet all a part of the great organization.

The purpose of the organization is to assist the home, the church and the school in developing Wauseon boyhood into noble, clean, useful, young manhood and who would not be interested in an organization that stands for such a purpose? It is true that a few boys, who could not seem to realize the value of good character, have had to be dropped from the membership, but the majority of the membership do realize the importance of the work and are enthusiastic workers in the ranks. As an indication of the results of the work among the boys of Wauseon, Judge F. A. Barber of the Juvenile court, has, during the past four years only had one single lad, who was connected with the Brotherhood, brought into his court to answer to a misdemeanor.

The organization has been a help not only to the members but its helpfulness has also extended to the assistance of proper observance of Memorial Day, Independence Day and other national holidays, conducting athletic meets, encouraging its members to excel in good clean sports. A Boy Scout organization is also a feature of the work; thirty-three of

the Brotherhood boys are now enrolled as Boy Scouts; however this is optional with the lads and not compulsory. The council who assist in the work is composed of the following Wauseon men: Hon. F. H. Reighard, Judge F. A. Barber, Chas. Jordan, H. F. Dimke, F. E. Kenyon, H. W. Davis, Henry Schlatter, E. L. Burgoon, I. F. Karschner, A. Earl Harger, I. H. Wolf and Wm. Domitio, Mr. D. S. Knight, county treasurer, being assistant scout master.

While the organization is doing excellent work, the boys realize that they could not have made the progress and the club could not have been so successful had it not been for the hearty co-operation of the parents of the lads and the splendid financial support of the people of Wauseon and vicinity and by the kind, encouraging and helpful words of numerous friends who have been helpful in so many ways.

Plans for the future include many new departures and forward steps in providing better facilities for out of door sports and recreation in Wauseon and helping to make the village clean, beautiful and fit in every way for men and women, boys and girls to live and work and grow up in. The boys desire to show their appreciation of what has been done for them by helping others and the Brotherhood bids fair to be one of the permanent institutions of the town.



**LOOKING BACKWARD** through a passing year, men hope to find some reward for their endeavors. To know that we have helped to make "Wauseon Wear Well" as a splendid trading center and at the same time have deserved the high approval from the surrounding community, that is our inspiration for another year and so---a Merry Christmas to you all.

**Brigham, Guilford & Co.**

## SHALL THEY BE REMEMBERED?

Christmas is in itself a memorial, the memorial of one who gave himself to save a lost world from the bondage of sin; the memorial has been fittingly kept by remembering on each recurrence of Christmas day those who are in need and those whom we honor and love with the gifts that are appropriate. In the sixties there were a body of men who rose up in our land to meet a great emergency; they were inspired by the sentiment which was expressed by Julia Ward Howe in "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

"In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea, With a glory in his bosom That transfigures you and me; As he died to make men holy Let us die to make men free As God is marching on."

Shall not these men be remembered by the people of Fulton county not only on Christmas day but every day in the year?

How can this memory be better kept and the question of the veteran soldier expressed in the poem below better answered than by erecting in this county a monument to their honor and their memory.

**WHO WILL TELL THE WORLD THE STORY WHEN THE BOYS ARE GONE?**

When the Boys have all departed, When the Comrades are no more, When the bugle call has sounded, On that everlasting shore, When the Post Rooms are deserted, And their campfires slumber long; Who will tell the world the story, When the boys are gone?

Who will tell about the marches From Atlanta to the sea, Who will halt, and wait, and listen, When they hear the reveille, Who will join to swell the chorus, Of some old Grand Army song, Who will tell the world the story, When the boys are gone?

Who will tell of Appomattox, And the glory that was won, When defeat was on our banners, Who will tell about "Ball Run," What in prison pen we suffered, How we watched and waited long, Who will tell the world the story, When the boys are gone?

Who will tell about the calling, Of three hundred thousand more, How they rallied round our banner, How they sent it to the fore, How they crushed the hosts of treason, How they fought against the wrong; Who will tell the world the story, When the boys are gone?

Who will tell of Abraham Lincoln When he held the helm of state, Who will rise to toast his glory, As the chief among our great; Who will tell of Grant and Sherman, And that patriotic throng, Who will tell the world the story, When the boys are gone?

Will our children's children tell it, Will they tell about the foe That their grandfathers met in battle, Back so many years ago— Will they cherish dear "old glory," Will they sing its praise in song, Will they tell the world the story, When the boys are gone?

## HOLIDAY GREETINGS

May Christmas bring you Substantial Joy, and the New Year Increasing Prosperity. Yours for more hard-ware.

**John A. Cron**

## WAUSEON CHURCHES

Something to Be Glad For All the Year Round—Something for Children to Take Pride In and Something That Helps Wauseon Wear Well.

While we are counting up the gifts that Christmas has brought us it is well for us to count in the list those institutions of our home community that year in and year out minister to our welfare as individuals and as a community at large. Among such institutions must be counted the churches; whether men and women are members of these institutions or not, for one with sound and unprejudiced judgment will deny the value of the churches to the community and to every member of the community.

The churches stand for the highest standard of morals and whatever raises the moral standard of an individual or a community must be counted as of inestimable value. There are not many people who would be willing to live and bring up their children in a place where there were no churches and where no church influence existed. As a matter of fact such places are shunned and real estate or business interests are a drug on the market at almost any price unless there be some one with the ambition, energy and nerve to go in to such a place for the purpose of establishing a church or churches there. Wauseon has eight church organizations and seven of these are housed in commodious and beautiful buildings; it is an indication of the value set on the church by the people that the amount of money invested in church buildings and property in this village runs well up to the hundred thousand dollar mark. The Methodist church has been repaired and beautified during the past year and the pastor and members have been and are active in good works for old and young. The United Brethren people have a substantial building and we understand that they have reduced if not entirely wiped out the indebtedness on their church property during the present year, nor have Pastor J. H. Williams and his people been found wanting in the various activities of the church. The uplift of individuals and the community. The plain but neat little church on North Fulton street houses the membership of a quiet yet earnest and sincere body of believers known as "The Church of God." The Christian and the Congregational people both have modern and commodious church buildings and both of these churches are up to date in their methods of proclaiming the Gospel of The Christ and in their aggressiveness in Christian work. The Catholic followers may well love their church on Clinton street, and their loyalty to its teachings does them credit. The Christian Science people while they have no building of their own do not neglect the gathering of themselves together and hold regular services every Sunday and on every other Wednesday evening. Down on South Fulton street, just south of the city hall, is one of the Wauseon landmarks, the Baptist church; the membership of this church have taken pains to keep their building in repair and it always presents a neat and churchly appearance. The people of this church are among the best in our community and their record of good works through the years is one for which the community is thankful. The Baptist church building is also the home of the congregation of the Lutheran Evangelical church in Wauseon and pastor Kleupfel ministers to this congregation every Sunday afternoon. The Evangelical church on West Chestnut street is the home of an energetic and progressive band of people who are

earnestly practicing the religion that their pastor preaches. We are not claiming that these churches are all perfect; that they never make mistakes or that they do all that they might do in the way of Christian work, but we do claim that they all stand for the highest and best things spiritually and morally, that they proclaim the high and noble ideals and that each of them in their way are working to save men and women, boys and girls, from sin and its results and to guide the way into the "more abundant" and the "everlasting" Life.

The Christmas Bells of our town ring because we have the churches to ring their Christmas cheer and good will are present with us in larger measure because of their presence. And we are glad and thankful for everyone of them.

## 1913 CORN SPECIAL

A Great Success—So Says Mr. Riddle in a Letter to Tribune Editor. Splendid Receptions All Along the Line—No Mishaps.

The 1913 Buckeye Corn Special Tour is now an incident of history—yet it is not past. The things seen and heard on that wonderful trip are being experienced now, and they will continue to be experienced in thought and dream for years to come.

Our party of one thousand has grown into a party of one hundred thousand and likely it will continue to grow. Fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, cousins, whole communities, are experiencing the information and inspiration of the industry of Pittsburgh, the beauty of the scenery of the Allegheny Mountains, the street parade in Harrisburg, the reception by Governor Tener and the Pennsylvania Chamber of the capitol building of the Keystone state, the arrival in Washington, the night-seeing, the goat ride down the historic Potomac, the afternoon at Mount Vernon, the home and tomb of the Father of our country, Ohio Night and the address as by our senators and congressmen and the day in Philadelphia.

The trip has proven a university of information and inspiration to every one who experienced it. A party of one thousand people constitutes an army in size. It was a gigantic undertaking. Foresight and fortitude were required upon the part of the Agricultural Commission of Ohio in promoting it. Ohio will feel the uplifting effect of it for years to come.

Not an accident or an unpleasant incident mars the record of the conduct of the 1913 Buckeye Corn Special Tour. Universally it is pronounced a grand success in every particular. To you who foresaw the significance of the undertaking and supported it so ably, Ohio is indebted.

Now is the time to lay the foundation for bigger and better things in the future. Every county and every local community should establish a working organization to handle this junior contest movement. Those working organizations should be composed of a combination of all interests, farmers, bankers, merchants, preachers, teachers. It may be known as Rural Welfare League or by any other name. A campaign of work should be mapped out and pursued. It will mean great things for your county and community. Boost it. Very truly yours, THOMAS P. RIDDLE.

Cured of Liver Complaint.

"I was suffering with liver complaint," says Iva Smith of Point Blank, Texas, "and decided to try a 25c box of Chamberlain's Tablets, and am happy to say that I am completely cured and can recommend them to every one." For sale by all dealers.

**WITH ALL GOOD WISHES** for the New Year may it bring to you and yours greatest health, prosperity and happiness. Let your New Year's resolutions be that you will depend upon our store to serve you in every way. Place your full confidence in us upon any and all occasions and you will not be disappointed. We are here to serve you right, promptly and efficiently. You will add to your prosperity during the coming year when you deal at our store for we have provided for your welfare and economy. Newest goods and best goods at the lowest possible prices. An extreme care and caution exercised in order to assure you of the best drug store service that it is possible for you to obtain anywhere.

**Fink & Haumesser**

"The Corner Drug Store."

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS and Happy Prosperous

New Year to all, and if it were possible we would like to extend these holiday greetings in person and exchange the compliments of the season with our customers who have helped us, by their patronage to make the past year a happy one.

We take this method of assuring our friends that we value their business and that we are always glad to see them at our store. You will be as welcome during the month's of the coming year as you have been in the past and we shall endeavor to serve you so efficiently that our business relations will be mutually pleasant and satisfactory.

**Domitio & Ruppert**

Merchant Tailors and Clothiers